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## AMONG THE PELICANS

BY WILLIAM L. FINLEY

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERMAN T. BOHLMAN

TWO species of pelicans are found on the Pacific Coast, the white (*Pelecanus erythrorhynchos*), and the Brown (*Pelecanus californicus*). The brown pelican is one of the commonest fishers on the southern California sea-coast, while the white pelican is a bird of the interior. On the Coronado Islands the brown pelican nests abundantly and from this place the birds fly for miles up and down the coast to their fishing grounds.

Altho heavy and clumsy in shape, the pelican is as expert as the kingfisher at diving. From a height of thirty or forty feet, he drops like a plummet into a school of small fish and rises to the surface with pouch filled with fish and water. As the diver stretches his neck and draws his bill straight up, the water runs out and the fish are left. The head is thrown back and the whole catch is swallowed at one gulp. But the pelican does not fish for himself alone, for he is generally followed by one or more thieving gulls.

One day while standing on the wharf at Santa Monica, I saw a brown pelican flapping along with a pair of gulls a few feet behind. A moment later the big bird spied a fish, for with a back stroke of his wing, he turned to dive. He gathered speed as he went and with wings partly closed and rigid, he hit the water with a resounding splash. The lower mandible of his bill contracted and opened his pouch that held about as much water as the weight of his body. He came to the surface and was in a helpless condition till the water ran out, and at this moment he was pounced upon by the swift-moving gulls who snatched the fish and were away before the slow pelican could retaliate.

At another time I saw a band of a dozen pelicans hovering over a school of fish. The birds rose from the surface, swung around till about twenty feet above, and two or three of them dropped into the water at a time. A bevy of twenty gulls were fluttering around to pounce on every pelican that dove. The instant

one dropped and came up with fish, he was surrounded by a bunch of gulls, each scrambling to get a nose in the pelican's big fish bag.

The summer of 1895, we had a chance to make an intimate study of the white pelican in its home on the lakes of southern Oregon. I have never seen this bird plunge for its fish as the brown pelican does, but those we watched always swam along and with a swift motion scooped up the fish here and there from the surface. The birds were so plentiful about Tule Lake that we were anxious to find where they were nesting.

We set out across Tule Lake for the peninsula which was fifteen miles distant. Our fourteen-foot boat was well loaded, but a good wind to the rear helped us along. The further we went, the stiffer the wind grew. At first we used our big wagon-umbrella as a sail. I stood in the bow and held it, and we plowed along,



AMERICAN WHITE PELICANS AND FARALLONE CORMORANTS NESTING  
TOGETHER ON ISLET AT SOUTH END OF TULE LAKE, ON  
THE CALIFORNIA AND OREGON BOUNDARY LINE

but at times the wind came in puffs, and once or twice our sail was almost demolished and I nearly landed in the water. The boat began to ship water and we both had to exert our best energy at the oars as the wind veered. Not till dusk did we reach the rocky shore of the peninsula, only to find that the treacherous point forbade a landing. Later we found a small sandy beach where we waded ashore and made a rough camp for the night.

This peninsula, upon which we found the crater of an extinct volcano, extended out from the east shore. The neck at the narrowest point was only fifty feet wide and across this we dragged our boat and set out for the lower end of the lake.

We paddled up the inlet for two miles and came to a rocky island containing a colony of Farallone cormorants. Here on the rocks, in a space of twenty-five by

fifty feet, we found one hundred and ninety nests, containing about three hundred birds and half as many eggs not yet hatched.

That night we camped opposite the cormorant rookery and just below what is known as the crater. The next day we rowed on south past Rattlesnake Island. In the afternoon we made camp across from another large rookery where the cormorants and pelicans were nesting. This island held two hundred and fifty cormorant nests—about two hundred and seventy-five young birds and two hundred eggs. The cormorant nests were built up of sticks, but the pelicans simply made a depression in the sand for their eggs.

This was the only colony of pelicans we found after cruising for two weeks on Tule Lake, altho we had seen a flock of several hundred birds that fished about the Lake and roosted together at night on one of the sandbars. They were very likely last year's birds and being immature, had not yet begun to nest.

When we crossed over to Lower Klamath Lake, we found it very different from the south end of Tule Lake, where we had fairly good places to camp. Extending for several miles out from the main shore was a seemingly endless area of



HERD OF YOUNG PELICANS; NOTE THE TULE-THATCHED BLIND AT RIGHT, FROM WHICH THE CAMERA WAS OPERATED IN OBTAINING MORE INTIMATE LIFE-STUDIES

floating tule islands, between which flowed a network of channels. These islands furnished good homes for the great flocks of pelicans that return each spring to live about these lakes and rivers that teem with fish. The tules had grown up for generations. The heavy growth of each year shoots up thru the dead stalks of the preceding season till it forms a fairly good floating foundation. On the top of this the pelicans had perched and trodden down the tules till they formed a surface often strong enough to support a man. But it was like walking on the crust of the snow, for you never knew just when it would break thru. However, these treacherous islands were the only camping places we had during the two weeks we cruised the Lower Klamath.

We rowed on among these islands and found the pelican colonies scattered along for about two miles. There were eight or ten big rookeries, each containing from four to six hundred birds. Besides, there were about fifteen others that had all the way from fifty to two hundred birds. The birds nested a few feet apart on these dry beds, each laying from one to three eggs.

The pelican season begins in April after the snow and ice have melted, and

lasts till August and September when the young are able to care for themselves. In June and July when we visited the colonies, the young were able to walk and swim about, but the wing feathers had not yet developed flying strength, for the birds were still in the downy stage.

It takes about a month for the pelican to hatch its eggs, and the baby pelican is naked, helpless and ugly, and has to be shielded from the sun by its mother. Its ugliness increases with age till the youngster is covered with white down. The young birds stick close to the nesting site where they are fed by the parents, until,

when about six weeks old, they begin to run about and mingle with the other young birds.

It would be difficult to tell how an old pelican can recognize her own, but she seems to do it, for nesting is not a communal matter. As soon as an old bird alighted in the rookery, she was besieged by half a dozen young ones, but I never saw one of the parents feed till she had apparently made some selection as to the young.

The half grown pelicans stood around with their mouths open, panting like a lot of dogs after the chase on a hot day, their pouches shaken at every breath. When we went near one of the colonies, the youngsters went tottering off on their big webbed feet with wings dragging on this side and that as if they were poorly handled crutches. The first thing they did when we approached was to vomit up fish and then stagger on with the



HALF-GROWN YOUNG PELICAN WITH WING QUILLS PARTLY GROWN, BUT BODY YET COVERED WITH DOWN

crowd. Following along after a band of young pelicans was as bad as crossing a battlefield where the victims were fish, for the carcasses were strewn all along in the wake of the procession. The youngsters huddled together by hundreds in a small space. Those on the outside pushed and climbed to get nearer the center, till it looked worse than any football scrimmage I ever saw. I watched one large bird rush for the center, bucking over three or four others and finally landing astraddle the neck of another. When we went nearer, those on the outside began to circle the ends and around and around the whole mass revolved as it moved off. Soon after the little gluttons retraced their steps to pick up the fish dinners that had been left behind.

One might wonder how such a huge-billed bird could feed a helpless young

chick just out of the egg, but it was done with apparent ease. The parent regurgitated a fishy soup into the front end of its pouch and the baby pelican pitched right in and helped himself out of this family dish. As the young bird grew older and larger, at each meal time he kept reaching further into the big pouch of his parent until finally when he was half grown, it was a remarkable sight. The mother opened her mouth and the whole head and neck of her nestling disappeared down her capacious maw while he hunted for his dinner in the internal regions.

In this wide area of low islands and water, it was necessary, since we wanted to study the pelicans at close range, to adopt some method of hiding. So taking our large wagon-umbrella covered with a piece of green canvas that hung down around the sides, we planted it among the tules at the edge of one of the largest colonies and covered the top well with reeds. While we both remained in the blind, the pelicans were slow in returning, but when one of us departed, the old birds seemed to think we had both gone and soon began sailing in to feed the young.

I sat under the umbrella and reeds with my reflex camera pointing out thru a slit in the canvas. There were four or five hundred young pelicans bunched along on the platform of tules only a few yards away. A few minutes later the first old bird pitched awkwardly in and alighted near by and several young birds waddled forward to meet her. She caught sight of a piece of partly dried fish that had been disgorged, grasped it in her bill and tossed it away before one of the youngsters could grab it. One of the other birds rushed for it, but she was ahead and threw it as far as she could again, and the third time she tossed it over in the tules where it could not be reached.



IN THE SWIM AT AN EARLY AGE

Just then another mother dropped into the nursery and she was besieged by several ravenous children. Each began pecking at her bill, trying to make her feed them. But she moved off in apparent unconcern, or perhaps she was making some selection as to which one to feed. She waddled about till one of the youngsters began a series of actions that were very interesting. He fell on the ground before the old bird, grunting and flapping his wings as if he were in the last stages of starvation. Still the mother did not heed his entreaties and the youngster suddenly got well and began pecking at her bill again. The old bird backed up as if she were getting a good footing and slowly opened her mouth to admit the bill of the little pelican. She drew her neck up till the ends of the upper and lower mandibles were braced against the ground and her pouch was distended to the limit. Jonah-like, down the mother's throat went the head and neck of the child till he seemed about to be swallowed had it not been for his fluttering wings. He remained buried in the depths for about two minutes, eating everything he could find. Nor did he withdraw from the family cupboard voluntarily, but when the



supply was exhausted or the mother thought he had enough, she began slowly to rise and struggle to regain her upright position. The youngster was loath to come out and flapping his wings, he tried in every way to hold on as she began shaking back and forth. The mother shook around over ten or twelve feet of ground till she literally swung the young bird off his feet and sent him sprawling over on the dry tules.

For a few moments the youngster lay dazed, then as if coming to his senses, he seemed to go raving mad. I never saw such an apparent show of temper in anything but a badly spoiled child. He whirled around once or twice, grasping his own wing in his bill, shaking and biting it. Then seeing one or two other young birds standing near, he plunged headlong at them, jabbing right and left with his beak, while they rapidly retreated out of his way. By that time the wrath of the youngster seemed spent, for he fell sprawled-out, and soon went sound asleep in the sun.



YOUNG PELICAN, PANTING FROM THE HEAT

It is surprising to see the size of a fish a pelican can handle. In watching among the rookeries of young pelicans, I have often seen the old birds bring in fish from eight to ten inches in length, for they seem to handle such a size with apparent ease. But I have also seen lake trout eighteen inches in length that have been brought in by the old pelicans. Whether these big fish were caught alive by the old birds or just picked up dead, I do not know; but if a pelican gobbles

down a live fish of that size, I judge the bird would feel very like a dog being wagged by his tail.

The white pelican is a striking mark on the water and is very stately in flight. While cruising the broad lakes we were often deceived when the water was calm by thinking a white pelican was the distant sail of a boat. There is something so misleading in the reflection and the shape of one of these birds when it is floating in the sunlight far out on the surface of the water. At such a time a flock of them will look, for all the world, like a squadron of white war-ships.

It was a daily habit where the birds were nesting, for them to take an aerial promenade each morning. After returning from the fishing grounds and lounging about the nests for a while, the pelicans began to circle over the colony in a large company, rising higher and higher till they were almost lost in the blue. By watching we could occasionally see the faint flashes of white as the snowy breasts reflected a gleam of the sun. For hours the sky would glitter with these great



AN ADULT PELICAN JUST DROPPING INTO ROOKERY

birds as they soared about. Then it was thrilling to see some of them descend with rigid, half-closed wings. They used the sky as a big toboggan-slide and dropped like meteors, leaving a trail of thunder. Several times when we first heard the sound, we were deceived into thinking it was the advance messenger of a heavy storm and jumped up expecting to see black clouds rising from behind the mountains.

*Portland, Oregon.*



A HEAVY BIRD LIKE A PELICAN RISES FROM THE WATER  
WITH DIFFICULTY, AND USES ITS FEET  
IN GETTING A START

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## MIGRATION AND NESTING OF THE SAGE THRASHER

BY M. FRENCH GILMAN

THIS bird, *Oroscoptes montanus*, was a favorite of mine from boyhood, tho I saw little of him, merely a passing acquaintance, as it were. He seemed to attend strictly to his own business, that of migrating, but was never nervous or flurried. He apparently never had time for frivolities or any side trips, tho I can't say that he hurried on his way. He would run to a bush, halt an instant, and then on to another. If bushes were far apart he would sometimes fly from one cover to another, halt, and then forward again. A worm in the interval, did not turn him aside; he would swallow it and move on. He knew just where he was going, and while in no haste to arrive, was not to be diverted from the straight and narrow path. He seemed to be aware that a straight line was the shortest distance between two points, and even if pursued could not be forced many points off his course.

These were my earlier impressions of his character and caused much interest and some observation of his migrating. These few notes on the travels of the sage thrasher were made in southern California and include territory about thirty-five miles long and three or four wide, San Gorgonio Pass, extending from Palm Springs on the Colorado desert, 500 feet elevation, to the summit of the Pass, 2500 feet elevation.

At Palm Springs the thrashers usually appeared about the middle of January, tho I have seen them there during the latter part of December. They came in from a southeasterly direction, across the desert, moving from bush to bush as I have described. Their rate of travel seems very slow in view of the fact that they always appear to be moving forward. Some seasons they would be a month in traversing the thirty or thirty-five miles, a speed of about a mile per day. I am satisfied that this is their average speed across the country I have mentioned, as I have observed it on short distances as well. I have seen the birds at all points between the two localities named, and the dates of observance practically coincide with the estimated speed of travel. I have noticed the birds five or six miles east of town and a week later they would appear a mile or two west of town. I walked a mile and a half to school, to the east of my home, and would see the first birds in the morning at the school end of the line. On my way home in the evening I would overtake them about a mile from where I had seen them earlier in the day.

Now I do not pretend to give these figures as an estimate of their rate of travel during the entire migration. To do so would be absurd, as their destination is so far from where I observed them. At a mile per day they could never reach their nesting place, raise a family, and get back to winter quarters. I do not know the nearest point where their nests may be found; but from some experience in their nesting haunts in southwestern Colorado, I believe some parts of the Mojave Desert would be promising.

In forming any theory of migration so much data is necessary that I hesitate. Any one, however, has some right to an opinion, and mine is that the sage thrasher migration is local rather than general. I have never seen them on their return trips in the autumn and some seasons they have failed to materialize in the spring movement. I saw them in their nesting places in Colorado as late as October 30, and judging from movements of some of our California birds in perpendicular migrations, these thrashers would not go to the Mexican line to spend the winter.



I should like to hear of observations from the Cajon Pass and points in the vicinity of Antelope Valley.

With this interest in the thrasher during migration it was with much pleasure I looked forward to studying him during the season of family cares; and when spring opened in southwestern Colorado I began sharpening eyes and pencil. But no thrashers appeared and I had about given up hope of seeing him in his summer home when a wagon trip thru part of Montezuma County down into the Southern Ute Indian Reservation gave me opportunity for a few observations. My time was limited and only superficial work could be done. I saw the first birds in the sage brush near Cortez, the county seat of Montezuma County, altitude near 6000 feet. They were rather tame, flying from brush along the roadside up onto fence posts. Two or three old nests were seen but the birds were not numerous.

From Cortez southward was a constant tho gradual descent toward the San Juan River. As the altitude decreased the number of thrashers increased and more old nests were seen. I had no time, while en route, for search, but during the noon hour I "took to the brush" and found the first new nest. It was in a thick sage bush (*Artemisia tridentata*) and was discovered by flushing the birds from an adjoining bush. The nest contained the shells of two freshly broken eggs, the cause of breakage not being apparent and the nest not otherwise disturbed. This was on May 31. Later in the day I saw two families of young birds that had just left the nest, one brood of nestlings not being able to fly sufficiently to escape capture and inspection. The discovery of these birds so nearly matured left me small hope of finding any eggs.

That afternoon I reached Navajo Springs, the Southern Ute Agency. The agency is near the New Mexico line and is located in a narrow pass between Ute Peak and a line of bluffs capped with the characteristic rim-rock of this country. A cut or arroyo begins a mile above the agency and extends down the pass, deepening all the while. A small stream of water was flowing along the bottom for possibly two miles before sinking. On each side of the cut was a strip of bushy or shrubby growth composed of sage brush, grease-wood (*Sarcobatus vermiculatus*), and another desert shrub not familiar to me. Locally it is called "chico-brush" and is a good indication of alkali in the soil.

In this growth were many thrashers, some few lark buntings and several mocking-birds. Taking advantage of what little daylight remained, after putting up my team I made a hasty search in the immediate vicinity of the agency and found two nests with eggs. The first was in a sage two and one-half feet from the ground and contained seven beautiful greenish-blue eggs specked with rich brown. This nest was made of dry twigs from sage and grease-wood, and was lined with sage bark, horse hair, goat hair, and rabbit fur. The second nest was also in a sage bush and about two feet from the ground. It was similar in construction to the first but the lining contained no rabbit fur and the set was of six eggs. Both sets were about one-third incubated.

June 1, I was again afield for a short time and found two more nests. One was in a grease-wood two and one-half feet from the ground and contained six eggs about as much incubated as those found the day before. This nest was similar to the others except for a distinct arch or platform of dry twigs just above it. The arch looked more like design than accident but I formed no decided opinion in regard to it. The fourth nest was in a sage two feet from the ground and contained three fresh eggs. In addition to these thrashers' nests I found a lark buntings' nest with five fresh eggs, and a mocking-birds' with five partly incubated eggs; also some young chipping sparrows.

June 2, on my way home I found two more thrashers' nests. Both had been scenes of violence or disturbance and were deserted. One contained three eggs partly incubated and then dried, while the other had three eggs simply rotten, without any sign of incubation. One nest was in a sage, the other in a grease-wood and both about two feet from the ground. There was no clue to the cause of either catastrophe.

Of the seven new nests found, three had been disturbed and probably the matrons of the last two were killed. I offer no solution as to what was the disturbing element. I did not hear the birds sing at all and they seemed rather retiring in disposition, tho not particularly wild. They left the nest quietly in thrasher-fashion on the opposite side of the bush when I was a few feet distant. In no case except when I caught one of the young that had left the nest did they show any parental concern. In nesting as well as in migrating they seem to have a go-as-you-please gait. During the three days observation I saw incomplete sets of fresh eggs, sets partly incubated, deserted nests and eggs, and young birds grown and partly grown.

*Fort Lewis, Colorado.*

## AN EXPERIENCE WITH THE SOUTH AMERICAN CONDOR

BY SAMUEL ADAMS

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. ADAMS AND MARTIN

A COLLECTING party composed of Mr. H. T. Martin of the University of Kansas and myself, then a recent graduate of that school, spent the latter part of 1903 and the early half of 1904 in southern Argentina, the greater part of the time in Patagonia. It has been known as far back as Darwin's time that rich fossil beds exist in this country. The reading of the reports of three fossil-hunting expeditions to Patagonia, made by the late J. B. Hatcher of Princeton, led us to go to this field, where many rare and interesting specimens rewarded the party's efforts.

The pampa, or great central plateau of Patagonia, extends from the foothills of the Andes to the Atlantic coast where it ends by an almost perpendicular fall of three to five hundred feet to the seashore. The waves and currents continually undermine the cliffs and the waters wash away the fragments and debris where they fall below. While prospecting for fossils in these barrancas, as the cliffs are called, near the mouth of the Rio Gallegos (52 S. Lat.) condors were frequently seen flying about the tops of the cliffs and over the plain.

My previous interest in the South American condor (*Sarcorhamphus gryphus*) had been aroused by numerous descriptions which I had read of its marvelous powers of flight, and my first thoughts on seeing the bird in the freedom of its native habitat were to verify the statements of early observers. Time and again I found myself prone on my back intent on this feathered giant as he wheeled and turned in majestic circles and curves without the slightest apparent effort until he disappeared on the horizon or I tired of watching him.

As our camp was moved from time to time to facilitate our work we had a good opportunity to examine the barrancas thoroly and at last encamped near a point about which a pair of condors were seen almost daily, our attention being

called to this particular pair when we first neared the point by their darting toward us with a rush of wings and threatening screams. On the clear cold autumnal morning of March 18, 1904, Martin and I equipped ourselves with firearms and went out to capture the birds. As he neared the edge of the pampa the birds soared out from the cliffs and circling came back toward him. His first shot tipped a wing of the male which wheeled and came down toward the beach where I had stationed myself. The second shot killed the female which fell on the ocean side of a landslide, high above the beach.

At this point the pampa has at some time in the past broken away in one gigantic piece, at least four hundred feet long and about one hundred and fifty feet across the top. The whole lump had slipped downward and outward about two hundred and fifty feet from its original position, leaving a perpendicular wall and wide crack or hollow which was then partially filled with earth and stones worn from the exposed surfaces. It was impossible from the beach to see the edge of



NESTING SITE OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN CONDOR, ON SEA-CLIFF; NOTE THE YOUNG BIRD ON THE NEST-LEDGE TO THE RIGHT

the pampa immediately above on account of the landslide, which towered aloft two hundred and fifty feet; and on the other hand, the slope of the landslide oceanward, as well as the beach, was invisible from the pampa above.

The male tho within two hundred feet of the beach before he saw me below him was able to continue his gliding descent for at least a quarter of a mile up the beach against the wind, and reaching the ground with wings outstretched to gain advantage from the breeze ran with gigantic strides up the hard pebbly shore. In spite of his broken wing he led me a weary chase for more than a mile and a half before I gained sufficiently on him to plant a fatal shot from the little twenty-two I carried, just as he walked into the surf; and in order to finally get my hands on him I was obliged to run into the water to prevent his being washed entirely out of my reach. The female was found on a dangerous slope two hundred feet above the base of the cliff.

On the second day, after preserving the skins, I went up on the pampa to the edge of the cliff where the landslide had occurred and with glasses discovered a young condor on a ledge in the perpendicular wall twenty feet below the edge of the cliff. By means of ropes held at the surface by stakes, with Martin's help, I climbed down to the ledge where the orphaned fledgling as large as a turkey crouched in the most abject loneliness. She showed some fight as I worked my way toward her, but slipping a noose over a foot outstretched threateningly toward me she was easily captured and drawn to the pampa above.

The shelf where the young bird was found was a narrow ledge some fifteen feet in length by three feet in greatest height and width. The nest, if it may be called such, was nothing more than a slight depression of the shelf at its widest and



YOUNG SOUTH AMERICAN CONDOR IN CHARACTERISTIC  
ATTITUDE ON NEST-LEDGE

highest part. There was nothing in it but the fine gravel and small fragments of broken fossil shells from the strata out of which the shelf was hollowed. The edge was white with excrement, and the epiphysis of a sheep's limb-bone was the only sign of food. A small shelf just above the nest, in the wall of the cliff, served as a roosting place, and its edge, too, was white-washed.

The heights of the Andes are generally regarded as the home of the condor tho it is frequently seen soaring over the pampa far from the foothills. Within the past twenty years the grassy slopes and valleys along the coast and rivers of Patagonia have been dotted with extensive sheep farms, where sheep are raised for wool alone. Most of these animals die on the pampa of age or exposure and the abundance of food has probably induced the condor to extend its breeding

range to the Atlantic coast where it and the native wild dog are the chief scavengers.

The measurements of our group of birds tally with the average given for the condor, tho it is said that a species inhabiting the heights of Equador has a much larger extent of wings and it may be a larger bird. The male's length was four feet one inch, with an extent of wings of nine feet. The female, the exception in this family of vultures, was smaller than the male, measuring but three feet seven inches in length, with a wing extent of seven feet eleven inches. The young bird (there are said to be usually two) was a female, three feet in length with what seemed unusually large feet. She was clothed in a mouse-colored down with wing pinions and tail feathers just approaching maturity. Her collarette of white had not yet appeared. Judging from the history of the condor, since it is said to spend the first two years of its life in the nest, this young bird must have been at least a year old.

The question of the age of the young specimen is an interesting one, in view of



MALE (AT RIGHT) AND FEMALE SOUTH AMERICAN CONDORS;  
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM FRESHLY-KILLED SPECIMENS

the fact that the statement is made in at least one publication that the young condor remains in the nest for nearly two years. Our specimen was taken during the latter part of the first autumnal month in the southern hemisphere. If it was born during that season it could not have been more than four or five months of age. It does not look reasonable that the bird could have been in the nest since the previous warm season. The snow and ice of the winter of 1904 in Patagonia came during the early part of May leaving little time for the maturity of the fledgling preparatory to the weathering of so severe a season since it would still have to depend on its parents for food. From the immature condition of its feathers, tho it was large in body, I am of the opinion that this bird was about four or five months old, and that it would have remained in the nest until the following spring when it would have been able to fly and hunt with its parents, thus leaving the nest in one year. There being but one young bird in the nest would tend also to discredit the accuracy of the statement that there are two eggs deposited in a nest.



Nearly every picture that I took of the young specimen shows her in the act of hissing. The sound was made well back in the throat, like the passage of air thro a moderately large opening, a rather subdued sound, not unlike the sharp hiss made by the human tongue and teeth. The note of the old birds was merely a single menacing cry, perhaps most truly characterized as a scream, uttered as they darted toward us when we approached their nesting place. This cry might be compared to that of the red-tailed hawk so commonly heard in the big timber of the bottom lands of Kansas.

Unfortunately the skin of the male bird spoiled in transit but I still have the skull and wings. The female skin Martin sold to an eastern museum, I understand, while the skin of the youngster is mounted in the museum of the State Normal School at Greeley, Colorado.

Topeka, Kansas.

#### NESTING WAYS OF THE WESTERN GNATCATCHER

BY HARRIET WILLIAMS MYERS

I HAD always admired him—this dainty little blue-drab bird with his white breast, long black tail with conspicuous white outer shafts, and blue-drab mantle, so, when on the morning of July 9, I came upon him and his mate engaged in household duties, my delight was boundless. We had come up from Los Angeles, my companion and I, for a week's stay in the Little Santa Anita Canyon situated in the Sierra Madre Mountain range.

The first nest of the gnatcatcher (*Poliophtila caerulea obscura*) that we found was near the top of a holly bush that had grown so tall that it was more like a tree than a shrub. The nest was in an exposed, upright crotch, and the overhanging branches sheltered it from the sun the most of the day, not a twig or a leaf obstructed our view of it. It was cup-shaped, being much deeper than broad, and was made of fine gray material that just matched the tree trunk. There were three birds in the nest and we judged them to be somewhat less than a week old.

We stationed ourselves among the tall weeds in a shady spot and the birds, paying not the least attention to us, went on with their feeding, thus enabling us to observe them under natural conditions. Another holly bush grew close by the nest tree, and when we first found the nest and saw that each bird came into this neighboring holly before feeding, we thought it was fear of us on their part that made them do it; but we soon found that this was a regular habit of theirs. In all the hours that I watched at the nest, I never saw them go directly to the young. Even when they came from the nest side they flew past and into this one tree, where they hopped about in it as if in search of food, then usually down onto a bare twig, and from there straight across the several feet of clearing to the nest. It seemed like such a waste of time, but it was their way.

These western gnatcatchers were so much alike that our first thought was whether we would be able to tell the male and female apart. They looked exactly alike except that one bird seemed in better plumage, looking slicker and smoother than the other. However, we had not watched long before we discovered that one of the white tail-feathers of one bird was shorter than the other. It looked as if a new white feather was just coming in, which proved to be the case. It was on the



bird whose plumage was rather mussed, and as the female would naturally not look quite so slick, after her setting, as the male, we put this bird down as the female. Then, too, she seemed to be not quite so matter-of-fact and business-like in her habits, there being more femininity about her which expressed itself in the way she loitered by the nest, often flying past just above the nestlings' heads, a thing the slick bird never did. Several things in our subsequent watching proved, to our own satisfaction, that this was, indeed, the female bird, one being that the well-kept bird was the singer.

In the three hours that I first watched at the nest the birds fed fifty-four times, an average of three and one-half minutes apart. The shortest interval was one-half minute, the longest nine minutes. The male fed about twice as often as the female. Several times they both came at once with their offerings. It was amusing to see them hurry at these times. The bird that came first always shortened its preliminaries when it saw its mate coming, and the last bird arriving, seeming to fear it would be left behind in the feeding, did not stop for any extra flitting about, but in a grand scramble both birds made a rush for the nest, arriving, usually, at about the same time and feeding at once. Tho we could see the wabby heads stretched up and the big mouths opened to receive the food, we could not tell whether there was any method or regularity pursued by the parents in feeding.

At ten o'clock the sun beat down upon my shoulders relentlessly. I had been slipping along on the big stone on which I rested, striving to keep out of its pitiless rays, but only successful for a few minutes. The nest at this time was also in the sun and I knew how to sympathize with the helpless nestlings who were unable to slip away from its hot rays. At four minutes past ten, the father came to feed. He seemed to take in the situation for, having fed, he slipped onto the nest and sat lightly above his skinny babies. For five minutes he shielded them before the mother came, when he slipped off and was away while the female took her place on the nest and shielded the young with out-stretched wings. One little fellow showed from my side of the nest as he stretched up to reach the shadow made by his mother.

The female stayed eleven minutes on the nest this time and three times the male brought her food which she in turn fed to the nestlings beneath her. At the expiration of the eleven minutes she left the nest and did not come back for ten minutes. During her absence the male fed four times, but did not attempt to shelter the nestlings at this time. However, in the hour that I watched in the sun the male took the nest four times, remaining, with the exception of the first time, not more than two minutes, and generally leaving when the female came. Once, however, he sat on the nest and she fed a young bird beneath him. It was interesting to note that when the female was on the nest the male always gave the food that he brought, to her, while the female did not give hers to the male but directly to the young.

The call note of these gnatcatchers is a twanging one: a nasal "tzee" given sometimes once, sometimes several times in rapid succession. This nasal note is usually kept up while the little sprites are foraging for food, but we noticed that they were rather quiet about the nest. Quite often, but not always, the male gave the single "tzee" just before feeding the young; on the contrary the female gave it, if at all, *after* feeding, as she left the nest. Twice in the course of my watching, I heard the male's song. It was a low warble with something of the nasal twanging about it; still, on the whole, it was very pretty.

On the morning of July 11, as I climbed the hill that led to the nest shortly after six o'clock, I heard the gnatcatchers making a great commotion, and coming in sight of a small tree I saw that some large bird was making all this trouble.

Stoically and unflinchingly he sat on a limb among the leaves, while the two blue-drab midgets were attacking him vigorously. Coming closer to the tree I saw that it was a California shrike that these little birds were fighting, and tho he seemed to be minding his own business, the small birds resented his presence in their vicinity and kept up the attack until he left their neighborhood.

On this same morning from 7:25 to 8:25, the birds fed thirty-five times, less than two minutes apart; the male twenty-seven times, the female fourteen. The next morning, in the hour from 6:37 to 7:37, the birds fed forty-six times, the male thirty-six and the female twenty-four times. In looking over my notes I find that the birds fed more often early in the morning than later in the day.

In five hours, 6:30 to 11:30, they fed one hundred and fifty-two times, or an average of thirty-eight times an hour. Allowing sixteen hours to their day, we can estimate that they fed six hundred and eight times. The word "gnatcatcher" proved to be a misnomer, the food brought so often being small white worms.

On the night before our departure for the city, my companion returned to camp and announced that she had found another gnatcatcher's nest. It was built on the south side of a tall, straight eucalyptus tree about twenty feet from the ground, its only supports being the tiny twigs that grew out from the side of the tree. Like the other nest it was small across, but deep, and so exactly matched the gray of the tree that it was hard to locate, even when one knew where it was. The tree grew near the road and tho we had passed it many times every day, it remained unknown to us until the vociferous calling of the young revealed their whereabouts.

There were three birds in the nest and we were more than pleased to see that they were much larger than the others we were watching. These little fellows were fully feathered and looked just like their parents except that their tails were shorter. They were very uneasy in the nest and it seemed evident that they would not stay there long. They noticed the old birds when they came near the tree and called loudly to be fed. We had never heard the other nest of young make any noise or take any notice except as the old birds put the food in their mouth.

An oak tree grew so near the nest tree that its branches almost touched the latter. This tree was used by the gnatcatchers for their preliminary jumping ground when they did not go directly to the nest; but quite often they came right to the nest, or approached it by way of a lower twig, leaving by one of the upper ones. These birds fed oftener than the others, one hundred and five times being the record for two hours that we watched them. Little wonder that they had no time to waste in unnecessary movements with such vigorous youngsters making demands upon them!

At 7:37 A. M., as we watched at the nest, we believed our dearest hopes were to be realized, and that we were to see these youngsters make their debut into the world; for suddenly one fluffy ball came fluttering forth from its gray home, landing on one of the twig supports. But, alas, all too quickly our hopes were crushed, for no sooner had the nestling stopped himself than he turned about and scrambled post-haste, back into the nest. It was really very funny to see him. He cuddled down into the nest after this exertion as if he were glad to rest. Again in the afternoon about 1:30 a young bird left the nest. Standing on the edge he fluttered his wings twice as if trying to get up courage, and then the third time he flew out onto a twig, perhaps six inches from his home. This time as before, the stay on the twig was a short one, the bird hurrying back to the nest as in the case of the morning trial.

We watched at this nest until 4:30 P. M., when it was time for us to start for

the station. I feel that could we have stayed one day longer we should have been able to have seen these nestlings launched upon the world. However, it was of value to know that their departure differed from that of most birds in that they returned to the nest, so many nestlings never going back when once they have left it.

*Los Angeles, California.*

### THE CALIFORNIA DISTRIBUTION OF THE ROADRUNNER (*GEOCOCYX CALIFORNIANUS*)

BY JOSEPH GRINNELL

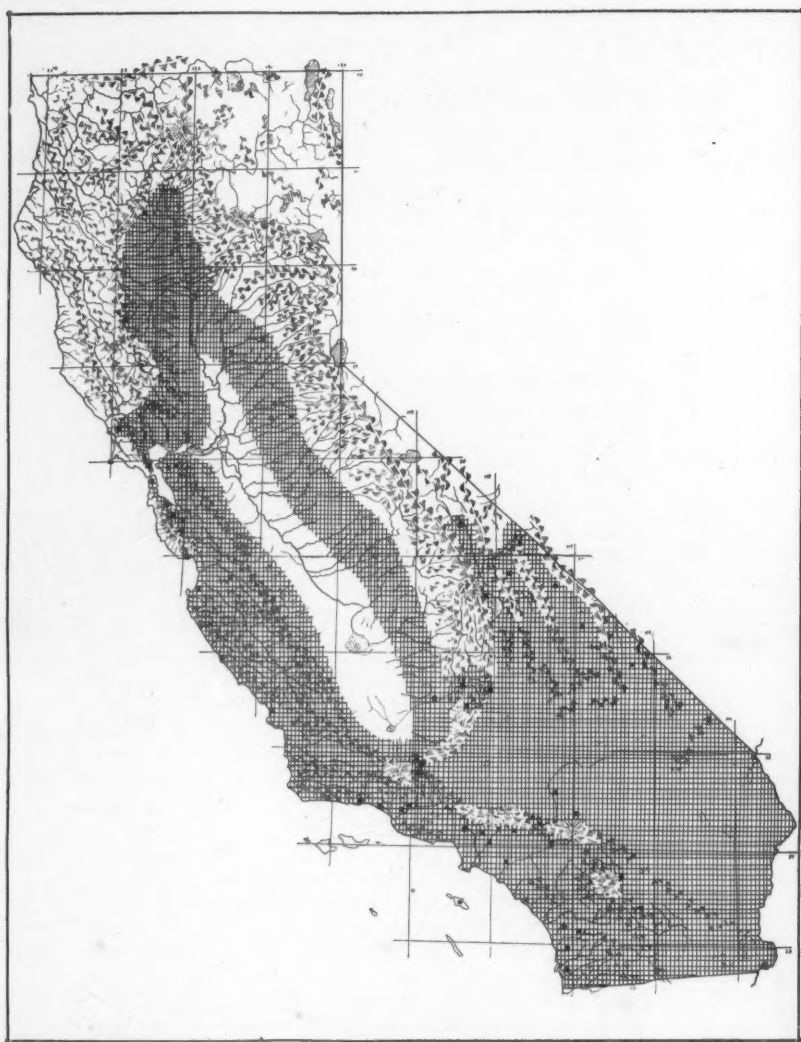
THE extremely limited powers of flight of the roadrunner are partly compensated for by its pedestrian capabilities. So that the range of territory possible to the individual roadrunner is doubtless much greater than one might at first suspect.

Yet I consider this species to be about as permanently "resident" as any bird we have. There may be a slight downward displacement on steep mountain sides in winter. But even if this is homologous to migration the movement must be so limited that we can safely ignore it in a distributional study. We can therefore establish its breeding range as practically coincident with its record area, irrespective of the season of observation.

On the accompanying map, I have plotted all the definite stations of occurrence on record in available ornithological literature. Many of the records pertain to counties or other extended areas. For example: "thruout the region;" "all along the Colorado River;" "all along the coast from Morro to Carpinteria," etc. In such cases I have not set down any single station; but the region indicated is of course included in the shaded area on the map. Altho this shaded area may cover some small tracts where the roadrunner does not occur, such as timberlands, swamps and alkali flats, I believe it fairly indicative of the roadrunner's California range.

The species is shy, and may not be seen for days in a region where it is known to be common. There is a sure means of detecting its presence, however, wanting among other birds; and this is the characteristic foot-prints in any soft ground, the dustier the plainer. I have seen these unmistakable tracks (two toes forwards and two backwards) during wagon trips over many parts of southern California. They are all that is necessary to establish the presence of the roadrunner.

The species is most abundant in the San Diegan District (faunal area). It is none the less characteristic thruout the desert regions of southeastern California, tho not so numerous. Its numbers become still less towards the northern limits of its range. It extends sparingly a little ways into the humid coast belt of central California. Mailliard records it as very sparingly resident in Marin County (CONDOR II, May 1900, p. 63); and there is one record even beyond that, at Sebastopol in Sonoma County (Belding, Land Bds. Pac. Dist., 1890, p. 56). This is the northernmost in the coast belt. But in the interior the roadrunner occurs along the foothills at each side of the Sacramento Valley nearly to latitude 41 degrees, this being the



DISTRIBUTION IN CALIFORNIA OF THE ROADRUNNER (*Geococcyx californianus*); BLACK SPOTS INDICATE ACTUAL RECORD-STATIONS

northernmost occurrence of the species anywhere in the United States. The three actual northernmost stations, all in Shasta County, are: Igo (Belding, Land Bds. Pac. Dist., 1890, p. 56), Fort Reading (Newberry, Pac. R. R. Rep. VI, 1857, p. 91), and Copper City, ten miles up Pitt River (Townsend, Proc. U. S. N. M. X, 1887, p. 204).

It seems that the low-lying, and often swampy central portions of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys are not inhabited by the roadrunner; at least I cannot find any records for that region. East of the Sierras the species occurs north in the Owens Valley to Big Pine (Van Denburgh, Proc. Ac. Nat. Sc. Phila., April 1898, p. 209).

I am quite sure that the roadrunner does not now occur on any of the islands off the California Coast. Cooper recorded it from Santa Catalina Island (Proc. Cal. Ac. Sc. IV, Feb. 1870, p. 77); but neither myself nor any of the other late visitors that I know of have found it there.

The roadrunner in its distribution seems to follow very closely the limits of the Upper and Lower Sonoran Zones (see map of "Isothermic Areas" in Pac. Coast Avif. No. 3), especially in their arid and semiarid portions. I have found it in the San Bernardino Mountains up to above 6000 feet altitude, but this was on hot slopes where the Upper Sonoran Zone, as indicated by the flora, rises even higher.

*Pasadena, California.*



## STRAY NOTES FROM THE FLATHEAD WOODS

BY P. M. SILLOWAY

JUNE 5, 1906.—Today for the first time I heard the singing of the white-crowned sparrow (*Zonotrichia leucophrys*). The songster was sitting in a tall dead pine tree, about midway up on a bare branch, and the song rang out beautifully clear and bell-like, as no other sparrow-song heard in this region. For a moment I felt all the thrill of a new sensation, the charm of a new voice in the woodland chorus. Again and again it rang out, a repeated ripple of plaintive wildwood melody. Finally I annotated it like this: *Wir, dee-dle dee, dee dee*. The first syllable of the song is long drawn out, and the "dee-dle dee" following is remarkably sweet and liquid, vibrant and tinkling with mellowest silvery tone. The closing syllables are more hurried and are obscured.



JUNE 9.—The red-breasted nuthatch (*Sitta canadensis*) at times acts like a real flycatcher. Just now one alighted on a tree-trunk near me, and while investigating the bark crevices, twice he flew out from the trunk, captured a flying insect dexterously in the air, and returned to his gleaning on the bole.

Today I saw a chipmunk despoiling the home of an olive-backed thrush. The marauder was sitting on the brim of the nest, and was hastily munching a fresh egg, with a portion of the broken shell lying on the rim of the nest in front of him: A clear case against Mr. Chipmunk.

On this day also, June 9, another white-crowned sparrow was heard singing in a different locality from that where the first was heard, and to determine his real identity this songster was collected. The author of the song was the true white-crowned sparrow, with loreal area as black as possible, and it is fair to assume that this species is making its summer home on the shores of Flathead Lake.

JUNE 11.—A nest of the orange-crowned warbler (*Helminthophila celata*) was found in a little mountain park, in a small ravine directly at the foot of a perpendicular rock-face. The nest was at the foot of a thornbush sprout, sunken in a depression among dried grasses and kinnikinnick or moss, so that it was securely hidden unless discovered by mere chance. The chance was mine, however, and as I brushed against the sprout, out fluttered the sitting female, revealing the nest. She flitted away into the low bushes nearby and there lurked around, uttered an occasional sharp chirp, and finally disappeared without giving me an opportunity of seeing her so as to secure her. I waited near the place until noon, when habit overcame my scientific zeal and I descended the hillside to camp for dinner. In the afternoon I returned to the place, and again the sitting bird flitted away so hurriedly that I could not shoot her. Again I waited and watched as she lurked hidden in the underbrush; but she seemed to know how to keep out of sight; and it was nearly sunset before I secured her for identification.

The nest was made of dried grass stems and weed-bark strippings, and was lined with white horsehair and reddish brown moss stems. The cavity was about 2.60 inches across and 1.40 inches deep. When the nest was removed it was found to be quite loosely constructed, and it fell apart somewhat, losing much of its well rounded and firmly brimmed appearance *in situ*. There were five eggs, perfectly fresh, quite typical of the usually described eggs of this warbler. The male bird was not seen nor heard near the place during the entire day, and no males were singing nearer than a half-mile from the place.

JUNE 12.—A troop of Cassin purple finches (*Carpodacus cassini*) was active on a hillside in a small mountain park. There were both males and females, the former in song. The birds were working mostly on the ground and among the bushes. There were so many individuals in the flock, and the occurrence seemed so unusual, that I took it to be a part of a migration movement. As I wandered over the mountain slope the birds kept flying up at my feet in a way that led me to fancy that the brush was full of nesting birds.

JUNE 15.—A nest of Richardson grouse (*Dendragapus obscurus richardsoni*) was found on a bushy hillside, a rocky slope that had been burned over in former years. The site was quite near a road that was not in very general use. The nest was in thick dried grass, near a clump of bushes, and was made entirely of the surrounding material. It was unusually open and exposed. The nest was evidently deserted, for the eggs were cold and beginning to fade from continued exposure to the sunshine. There were seven eggs, in which incubation had just begun.

Lewistown, Montana.



## THE NEW CHECK-LIST

BY P. A. TAVERNER

WE ARE all more or less interested in the forthcoming check-list, now under preparation; and most of us have ideas as to what we should like to see therein. That everybody should be satisfied with the results, whatever they may be, is beyond hope. No matter what action is taken there are sure to be some disappointed ones.

Some of the reforms that I, personally, should like to see come to pass, seem beyond the grounds of possibility. Such is, for instance, the suppression of the Law of Priority as interpreted in Canons XII-XIV of the Code. The only apparent way to make our nomenclature stable is for the Committee to take high-handed measures and say that so-and-so shall be the names of the species, for all time to come, as long as the present system flourishes, grammar, philology, or priority to the contrary notwithstanding.

This would, I am aware, raise a storm of protest. But the international confusions arising therefrom certainly would be no greater than they now are, and perhaps would be less, as confusions once learned would stay learned and be subject to but half the change that they are now. The case of *Stercorarius parasiticus* is a fine example of international discord, where the same name applies to two different species according to two current systems of nomenclature. It matters very little what a species is called, so long as the name is permanent and all know the form to which it applies. All our literature refers to *Corvus americanus*. What good it has done to change it to *brachyrhynchus* I fail to see. It has antiquated whole shelves of our literature and, in this special case, has given us a difficult for a simple and thoroly characteristic name. The solution, however, of this question may be, as yet, far in the future, and perhaps belongs to the millennium rather than to the present.

There are, however, other desirable things that seem more probable of realization. Some of them are mentioned in the last issue of THE CONDOR over the initials "J. G." on page 154.

The suggestion of applying qualifying terms to each and all of the varieties of a subspecifically divided species is most wholesome, and should be applied to the scientific as well as the vernacular nomenclatural system. Modern subspecific ideas should not recognize the superiority of one variety over another without good evolutionary reasons for so doing. Why call one form a species and the rest varieties just because one of them had, of necessity, to be discovered first? To do so, not only fails to represent the true facts of the case, but in many instances actually falsifies them. The trinomial system necessitates the consideration of the term "species" as a collective noun, of which the varieties or subspecies are the component parts.

The western robin is just as much the "American robin" as the eastern form and, as such, has just as much right to that name. We should, then, be able to speak of both forms as a whole, as the American robin, *Merula migratoria*. When we are certain of the subspecific identification (not always easy or possible) or wish to differentiate the two forms, we can then say eastern robin, *M. m. migratoria*, or western robin, *M. m. propinqua*, as the case may be. Without doubt, this fact of the equality of all the varieties of a species, should be shown graphically in the arrangement of the coming list. Heretofore every slight variation that has been

deemed worthy of separation, has been given exactly the same honors in the way of type, position, etc., as the most strongly marked species. This lack of graphical co-ordination, in the old lists, has, I am sure, thru subconscious action, had much to do with "exaltation of subspecies" by raising small differences to a prominence in our thoughts far beyond the position to which they are taxonomically entitled.

The fact that a bird is a horned lark, is of far more importance than that it resembles Hoyt's form of the species; yet the latter minor fact is often dwelt upon with greater vehemence than the former major one. I should suggest that the subspecies be printed in smaller type than the specific headings and be set back from the margin, in a manner that will indicate visually their real taxonomic value as varieties. Something like this would, I think, be acceptable:

**761. *Merula migratoria* (Linn.) AMERICAN ROBIN.**

Synonymy, range, etc.

a. *M. m. migratoria* (Linn.) EASTERN ROBIN.

Range, etc.

b. *M. m. propinqua* (Ridgw.) WESTERN ROBIN.

Range, etc.

The custom of giving a simple name to one species, and the same name with a qualifying prefix to the next has, in several cases, been responsible for much confusion. Had the term "water thrush" been a generic cognomen and applied to all the members of the genus, and had *M. noveboracensis* been differentiated as "northern water thrush," the distribution of the species, in this locality, would not be in the badly mixed state that it is now.

Another feature that we want to see revised in the new List is the geographical ranges. We have acquired a deal of new data on this point since the last List, and nothing is more needed, at present writing, than up-to-date geographical distributions.

In regard to the extensive changes proposed in the vernacular names in the editorial above referred to, it does not seem to be expedient to make any more changes than is necessary. Of course it is just as important that the vernacular nomenclatural tools should be good tools as the scientific ones, but fixity in both is equally desirable. Adding qualifiers to existing names can cause little confusion; but radical changes are apt to do so. Not being familiar with the western species, I can hardly pass judgment upon many of the proposals made; but except in such cases where the name is flagrantly misleading, such as calling a quail a partridge, or vice versa, I should think caution should be practiced. We want fixity in the vernacular as well as the scientific systems and minor inconsistencies should be borne with to this end.

*Highland Park, Michigan.*

## A FORGOTTEN REFERENCE TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA

BY WALTER K. FISHER

**T**HROUGH the kindness of Dr. James Perrin Smith of Stanford University I have recently examined an almost forgotten work which contains some interesting notes on the natural history of California. The book is entitled: "Life, Adventures, and Travels in California."<sup>1</sup> Dr. Smith's copy is a second edition, the "Conquest of California," etc., evidently having been absent from the first edition. The contents are chiefly concerned with an account of the history and geography of California, the customs of the natives, and the incidents or adventures of the author's journey. He sailed in December, 1840, from the mouth of the Columbia River for Hawaii in order to reach Monterey, California.

The natural history portion comprises a comparatively small part of the book and is considered under the following heads: Animals, Birds, Fish, Plants, Minerals. I have listed all the birds mentioned, and the numbers in parentheses refer to the pages on which the latin names occur. Spelling follows that of the original.

"Worthy of mention among the first of the feathered family in California, is the Great Vulture, peculiar, probably, to this country. Let his name be given in full—a lofty and sonorous one, and well fitting its owner—*Sarcoramphas Californianus*. (388) \* \* \* The great vulture is met with along the whole Pacific coast from Lower California to the most northern boundaries of Oregon, and the Russian possessions." *Cathartes aura*, Turkey Buzzard (389). *Cathartes atratus*, Black Vulture, "is quite common in almost every part of the country west of the Rocky Mountains." *Aquila Chrysaetos*, Golden Eagle. "Its plumes are used by the natives as ornaments, and are attached to their pipes or calumets, from which circumstance it is called Calumet eagle. This species is found on the coast and in most sections of the woody and mountainous parts of California. It feeds on hares, grouse and other game, and seldom if ever catches fish." *Aquila leucocephala*, Bald Eagle (390). *Aquila Haliaeta*, Osprey (391). *Falco peregrinus*, Black Hawk or Peregrine Falcon. *Falco Islandicus*, Jer-Falcon. "He inhabits the northern coast, and is properly confined to the frozen regions, though individuals are by no means rare in upper California." *Falco sparverius*, Sparrow Hawk. *Falco columbarius*, Pigeon Hawk. *Accipiter plumbarius*, Gos-Hawk. "Of the owls there are several species. *Strix Virginiana*, Great Horned Owl. *Strix nyctaea* Great Snow Owl. *Strix cucularia*."

"*Lanius borealis* (392), several species of *Tyrannus* and *Tyrannula*, Flycatchers; *Merula migratoria*, The Robin; *Orpheus felivox*, The Catbird; *Orpheus rufus*, The Brown Thrush; several *Sylvicetæ*; *Alauda*, The Lark, one or two species; *Emberiza nivalis*, The Snow Bunting; *Icterus phaniceus*, The Redwing." *Loxia leucoptera*, The Crossbill. *Corvus corax*, The Raven. *Corvus corone*, The Crow. *Corvus pica*, The Magpie. "*Garrulus cristatus*, the Common Blue Jay, and another smaller species, probably *G. Stelleri*, are quite common. *Colaptes Mexicanus* \* \* \* is found in upper California, and all along the Pacific coast, and is, with the exception of an occasional individual of the golden-winged

<sup>1</sup> The exact title is: Pictorial edition !!! | Life, | Adventures, and Travels | in | California. | By T. J. Farnum. | To which are added the | Conquest of California, | Travels in Oregon, | and | History of the Gold Regions. | New York, | Published by Cornish, Lampert & Co. | 1852.

species, *Picus auratus*, the only woodpecker which the author observed, except a species at Monterey, which is probably not yet described." (393.) *Trochilus colubris*. *T. rufus* "which seems to inhabit almost the whole country from Nootka Sound to the Rio del Norte in Mexico." *Hirundo Americana*, Common Barn Swallow. *H. lunifrons*, Cliff Swallow. *H. riparia*, Bank Swallow. *Caprimulgus Virginianus*, Night Hawk. *Alcedo Alcyon*, Kingfisher. *Tetrao urophasianus*, Great Cock. *T. obscurus* (394). *T. rupestris*, Rock Grouse, "inhabits the mountainous regions of the North. *T. umbellus*, The Ruffed Grouse and *T. leucurus*, White-tailed Grouse are common in different places." The following are also mentioned; *Tringa*, Sand Piper; *Charadrius*, Plover; *Numenius*, Curlew; *Totanus*, Tatler; *Limosa*, Godwit; *Scolopax*, Snipe; *Larus*, Gull. *Cygnus buccinator*, The Swan. *C. Bewickii*? *Anser albifrons*, Laughing Goose. *A. Canadensis*, Common Wild Goose. *A. hyperboreus*, Snow Goose. *A. bernacina*, Brant. *Pelicanus onocrotalus*, White Pelican. *Diomedea exulans*. *Diomedea fuliginosa*.

As there are no new forms described and no facts of a very startling nature revealed, the account must therefore be chiefly of historical interest. Under most of the species more or less annotation is given, although I have quoted only here and there. In this connection it is well to remember that at that early date the extent of California was somewhat elastic, and in the mind of the author probably included the entire country west of the Rockies, north of Mexico, and south of Oregon. His travels were mostly in our California, however.

According to the author: "There are probably many yet undescribed birds and quadrupeds in this country." He adds: "The author's sketches in this department are necessarily rather those of a traveller than a naturalist, and he has been obliged to content himself with mentioning those species which casually came within his own notice. It is very probable that many inaccuracies may be detected both in his nomenclature and descriptions, but these may be excused by the circumstances under which his notes were taken, his lack of books of reference, and his imperfect acquaintance with the science of Zoology."

Stanford University, California.

## FROM FIELD AND STUDY

**Monterey Bay Notes.**—While collecting, at various times during the last four years, for the California Academy of Sciences, at Monterey Bay, several interesting species of birds were observed, and Mr. L. M. Loomis, Director of the Museum, has requested me to record the occurrence of some of the rarer ones, which is done herewith.

*Brachyramphus hypoleucus*, Xantus Murrelet. From November 24, 1904, to February 4, 1905, these murrelets were seen nearly every time a trip was made to the seaward of Point Pinos. The last one was seen on February 25. The most seen on any one day was twenty seen January 2, 1905. They were evidently moving southward, tho' leisurely, for the majority were seen on the water, frequently in pairs. A series of thirty was taken.

*Simorhynchus psittaculus*, Paroquet Auklet. January 14, 1905, one was taken; and January 17, 1905, two more were secured. These three were all that were seen. They were out several miles from shore.

*Podiceps holboellii*, Holboell Grebe. From November 11, 1904, to February 4, 1905, these birds were seen every time the day's trip was made toward Monterey. On January 10, ten were seen. Usually not more than four or five were observed. They were most often seen within a radius of a half mile of the Monterey wharf. About fifteen specimens were obtained.

*Sterna antillarum*, Least Tern. At Moss Landing near the mouth of the Salinas River a small colony of these terns were feeding young, some of which were barely able to fly August 25, 1903. Several were taken.

*Xema sabini*, Sabine Gull. During the latter part of September, 1903, Sabine gulls were common off Point Pinos going south. Some eighty specimens were taken.

*Harelda glacialis*, Oldsquaw. December 23, 1904, one specimen taken, the only one seen.—ROLLO H. BECK, Monterey, California.

**Nesting of the Sierra Creeper.**—During the summers of 1905 and 1906 spent in the San Bernardino Mountains of southern California, I became acquainted with the nesting of the Sierra creeper (*Certhia americana zelotes*). The species proved to be more numerous than I have ever seen it elsewhere, in the upper part of the Santa Ana Canyon and on its tributaries and adjacent slopes. While observed from an altitude of 5600 feet in the Santa Ana Canyon to as high as 9500 feet, above Dry Lake, on the north base of San Gorgonio Peak, yet the creepers were most abundantly represented in the canyons from 6000 feet to 7500 feet. This belt of abundance was also the belt in the Transition Zone where the incense cedar (*Libocedrus decurrens*) is conspicuously represented. And it was in these cedars that the majority of the creepers' nests were found.

While the birds themselves were most often seen and heard high above, scaling the massive trunks of the huge firs, pines, and cedars, yet their nests ranged not higher than twenty feet above the ground. Myself and companions examined fully thirty nests, easily discovered after we once learned how to find them, and of these I should judge the average height to have been six feet. In other words the majority could be at least touched by the hand as we stood on the ground. One nest was only three feet above ground.

Altho the majority of the nests found were on cedar trunks, one was on a Jeffrey pine, and at least five were on silver firs. In the latter cases the trees were dead and rotting, for it was only on dead trees that the bark had become loosened and separated enough from the trunk to afford the narrow sheltered spaces sought by the creepers for nesting sites. But the huge living cedar trunks furnished the ideal situations. For the bark on these is longitudinally ridged and fibrous, and it frequently becomes split into inner and outer layers, the latter hanging in broad loose strips. The narrow spaces behind these necessitate a very compressed style of nest. A typical nest closely studied by me may be described as follows:

The material employed externally was cedar bark strips one-eighth to one-half inch in width. This material had been deposited behind the loosened bark until it packed tightly enough to afford support for the nest proper. The bark strips extended down fully a foot in the cavity, and some of them protruded thru the vertical slit which served the birds as an entrance. The main mass of the nest consisted of shredded weathered, inner bark strips of the willow, felted finest internally, where admixed with a few small down-feathers. This nest proper was six inches wide in the direction permitted by the space, and only one and three-fourths inches across the narrow way. The nest-cavity was one and one-third by two and one-fourth inches, so that the sitting parent probably always occupied one position diametrically.

No nests were found with eggs later than June 11, but young were found, yet unable to fly, until July 20. Two sets of eggs found on June 11 consisted of four and five eggs, respectively. Broods of young were of three to six individuals, one of the latter number being noted on June 26.

The ground-color of the eggs is pure white. The markings are elongated in shape lengthwise of the egg. The brightest markings are burnt sienna the tint varying from this towards vinaceous as the depth of the markings in the shell-substance increases. The darkest markings average one millimeter in diameter, while the vinaceous ones vary down to mere points. The markings are most crowded around the large ends of the egg-shells, and radiate from this pole in lesser numbers towards the opposite pole. The nine eggs are quite uniform in appearance, tho certain ones are to be distinguished as more sparsely, more boldly, or more minutely marked. The markings on one set are not so dark as on the other, approaching pale hazel at darkest and ranging to vinaceous-cinnamon.

In shape the eggs of the Sierra creeper vary from ovate to elliptical-ovate. The two sets measure, in hundredths of an inch: .61x.45, .63x.42, .61x.44, .60x.44 and .56x.43, .57x.44, .59x.44, .55x.43, .58x.43.—JOSEPH GRINNELL, Pasadena, California.

**Do Birds Desert Young?**—Mr. W. Otto Emerson tells of a newly mated pair of orioles (*Icterus bullocki*) that he saw one day about a grove of eucalyptus trees. The male was in fine plumage, and he shot it for his collection. The next day the female appeared with a new husband who was as bright and fine looking as the bird that was killed the day before. At first chance this male was also shot, partly it was said, because of his fine plumage, and partly to see if the female could find another mate as readily. Two days later she appeared with a third husband, who went the way of the two former ones. The female then disappeared for a few days, but returned again with a fourth suitor. These two began building and soon had a home in the eucalyptus grove. This may be a remarkable case of wooing and winning, but very likely the widow oriole was breaking up other families.

Whenever I have found nests that were deserted when they contained eggs or young, I have attributed it to accidental death of one or both of the parents. But this is not always so.

During the summer of 1905, I was making a study of a family of Bullock orioles that nested in a willow tree. On June 13, there were three half-grown young in the nest. Both male and female were feeding. Suddenly, I noticed a brighter colored male fly over and light in a nearby tree while the father of the nestlings darted at him and drove him off. The next morning I noticed the same male appear and there was another fight. In the afternoon I heard the intruder, singing at the upper end of the orchard. The mother had been feeding her young, but as the hours passed her visits were fewer and I noticed only the male was bringing food. The next day the female had deserted her young entirely, for only the male was about, and he had assumed entire charge of the household.

It happened that a rain storm came up that night, and as the young birds were not hovered



we found them dead the next morning. The male was about with food, but there were no young to be fed. He stayed about most of the day, but I did not see the mother again. From all appearances, she was a deliberate deserter. Can it be that some birds are as unbirdlike as some people are inhuman?—WILLIAM L. FINLEY, *Portland, Oregon*.

**Puffinus creatopus in Alameda County, California.**—On July 7, 1906, I was driving along the main road, home from a trip to the Santa Clara Valley, when, about three miles from Irvington and sixteen miles from Haywards, at the side of the road I saw what at first glance appeared to be a gull. It was lying directly under the telegraph wires, a strange place, I thought, for a gull to be seen at this time of the summer and still more, so far from the bay shore, at least six miles off. I was about to pass on, when the idea struck me that I had better identify the species. On picking up the bird, my surprise was complete, as I recognized it to be an ocean straggler, a shearwater instead of a gull.

On arriving home and skinning the bird, I found it very poor, an adult male in moulting condition. The only way I could account for this shearwater (*Puffinus creatopus*) straying so far from its natural surroundings, is that we had been having, for a week preceding, unusually thick fogs that had extended from the ocean inland for sixty miles or more. No fogs for many years had been so heavy and lasting all thru the day. This shearwater must have lost its bearings in the fogs along the ocean coast, which about opposite would be in the neighborhood of Pigeon Point or Pescadero Beach, some fifty miles or more in a bee-line from where the bird lay. It must have passed over the Coast Range into the Bay region, wandered about until it came down lower to sight the land, and struck against the mass of telegraph wires and was killed by the contact. On skinning the bird, I found a line or dent across the front of the skull.

That oceanic birds often get lost in the fogs, if they have not the coast line to go by, is thought to be a fact from recent investigation by Mr. L. M. Loomis on Monterey Bay. (See Calif. Water Birds No. IV, page 308.)—W. OTTO EMERSON, *Haywards, California*.

**Another Record of the Alaska Water-thrush in California.**—On the 29th of September 1906, I secured a female specimen of *Seiurus noveboracensis notabilis* near National City, San Diego County, California. A pair of this species were feeding, with several song sparrows, along the slimy mud exposed by low water in a fresh-water pond about one mile from San Diego Bay. They were not at all shy and allowed me to approach within easy "auxilliary" range. This was at 7 A. M., and the stomach of the bird secured was filled with what looked like tiny seeds.—C. B. LINTON, *Long Beach, California*.

**Two New Winter Records from Tacoma, Washington.**—Our little back yard here in the city boasts of three small trees, namely, a cedar, a horse-chestnut and a mountain ash. Nevertheless, during the winter months my system of a daily food supply of crumbs, seeds, etc., is always productive of a large mixed flock of English sparrows, rusty song sparrows, and Shufeldt and Oregon juncos. These in turn often attract rarer visitors, such as western evening grosbeaks and Sitka kinglets.

During the past December I was much pleased to have my regular flock decoy in a new winter record in the shape of a number of Townsend warblers (*Dendroica townsendi*). This is the first time that I have positively identified these birds in winter, altho during past years I have several times felt personally sure of their presence between the months of December and March. The December records for 1906 occurred on the 4th, 13th, 15th, 21st and 29th, three being seen on the 15th.

The second new record is that of the Anthony vireo (*Vireo huttoni obscurus*). These birds have several times been reported to me in winter. Mr. W. Leon Dawson, of Seattle, tells me he heard it once in winter near his city. They are also reported as being heard in winter on Vancouver Island. From Oregon, Mr. A. W. Anthony, of Portland, writes me that they winter near there along the Columbia River. I, myself, have several times felt positive of having both seen and heard the species around Tacoma in winter, but a vireo amid snow and ice was contrary to my Massachusetts upbringing, so I have never made any official records of it. Indeed, in their small size, color, and actions they so closely resemble the Sitka kinglet (*Regulus calendula grinnelli*) that a field-glass identification made in our dense fire woods might not be accepted as conclusive unless a more positive record had been made. It afforded me considerable satisfaction, therefore, to personally collect two specimens, a male on November 17, 1906, and a female on January 26, of the present year; this, too, in spite of ten consecutive days when the thermometer registered from 10° to 28° above zero. In both cases the vireos were travelling with a large flock of perhaps a hundred western golden-crowned kinglets and chestnut-backed chickadees. The cold weather apparently had not bothered them in the least, as both were very fat and in excellent condition.—J. H. BOWLES, *Tacoma, Washington*.



# THE CONDOR

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of Western Ornithology

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## EDITORIALS

We have been frequently criticized of late for three things; namely: (1) For not using the metric system exclusively thruout THE CONDOR. (2) For using amended spelling to the small extent recommended by Roosevelt and others. (3) For not using a capital for the initial letter of all vernacular bird names, even where occurring in the body of a sentence.

1. We have always been in the habit of printing articles just as they are submitted to us as far as unit of measurement employed is concerned. Our esteemed fellow-member, Henry B. Kaeding, now of Sinaloa, has been particularly persistent in keeping us informed of our inconsistencies in regard to this matter. He urges us to adopt the metric system uniformly and exclusively. His arguments are sane, and we are agreed with him on all but one point: We would not want to work a hardship on our readers, if a majority of these were used to the English system and would find the metric system confusing.

2. We are in receipt of the following terse reply to a subscription notice sent out in January of this year, and this from one of our oldest subscribers: "When you spell like others, I will renew my subscription, but I will never help any publication which uses the form of spelling you do; the only way to reform cranks is to let them alone." The latter is our own sentiment too! We are personally strongly in favor of simplified spelling, consistently and authoritatively used. Our readers are surely familiar with the arguments *pro* and *con*.

3. It is claimed that a capital initial gives the bird name a prominence in the text justifi-

able because of its importance, and because it makes the name easier to find in making up indexes and in searching out references. On the other hand the text looks to us typographically smoother, and easier to read. For instance, "The habitat of the Chestnut-backed Chickadee overlaps that of the mountain chickadee."

Now, we propose to put these matters to a vote of Cooper Club members. (1) Shall we use the metric system *exclusively* in THE CONDOR? (2) Shall we continue to use the authorized amended spelling? (3) Shall we continue to use small initials for vernacular bird-names occurring in the body of sentences?

Write on a postal card "Yes" or "No," following each numeral, however you wish to vote, and address it at once to *Editor The Condor*, 576 N. Marengo Ave., Pasadena, Calif. We will govern ourselves in these regards in the future according to the majority vote of those Cooper Club members who are sufficiently interested to respond before May 1st. THE CONDOR is a Club affair and should meet the wishes of the Club. Results will be announced in our May issue.

We were alarmed and dismayed a month or so ago by the appearance in local papers of a dispatch from Washington to the effect that the Bureau of Biological Survey was in danger of being denied its yearly appropriation.

President F. W. D'Evelyn promptly telegraphed to Senator Perkins the Cooper Club's views as to the great value of the Biological Survey; and he has recently received a cordial and favorable acknowledgement from the Senator. Doubtless scientific societies all over the country sent similar protests. For the loss of the Survey would be felt in almost every branch of science, tho in none more than in ornithology. At any rate we are now partially relieved by learning that the Survey's appropriation for the coming year was finally voted, tho with a twenty per cent reduction.

We cannot see why such a narrow policy should have received even a modicum of consideration even in the name of extremest economy. Let anyone who suspects extravagance read the 1906 Report of H. W. Henshaw, Acting Chief of the Biological Survey, and see just how the fifty-odd thousand dollars was expended.

And as to the practical value of the Bureau's work, it seems to us that no branch of the Department of Agriculture could be canceled with more loss to commercial interests than the Biological Survey.

Battleships, antequated in five years, ten million dollars; a scientific and practical bureau, appropriation fifty thousand, and this threatened on the plea of *economy*! Is this national progress in civilization?

The collector who visits Arizona must now provide himself with a permit. The following in reply to a request for information on the subject explains itself:

"Recognized collectors for reputable colleges who wish one or two specimens of each kind of bird are charged a nominal fee—\$1.00. Collectors who are selling and shipping to every-

body are not wanted, and are charged \$25 per year." (Signed) W. L. Pinney, Fish and Game Commissioner of Arizona Territory.

We don't propose to make these editorial columns a table of contents of the issue, as is often the custom of magazines. Yet we cannot help calling particular attention to the last pelican photo with Finley's article, page 41 of this number. Aren't the purely artistic merits of this picture to say the least exceptional?

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stephens and Mr. Joseph Dixon are leaving the first of April for a season's collecting in southeastern Alaska. Their work is in the interests of a private party, and will pertain mostly to mammals. Yet birds will not be altogether neglected.

An effort was recently made in Oregon by the fruit growers in the southern part of the State to amend the Model Bird Law to such an extent that the legislation for song birds was practically annulled. They introduced a bill in the House to the effect that farmers, gardeners and orchardists could shoot any bird providing that it was considered detrimental to crops. The bill passed the House and also the Senate on February 21 by a narrow margin. But thru the Oregon Audubon Society, such a sentiment was raised in favor of the birds that Governor Chamberlain vetoed the bill on February 25.

The Portland, Oregon, Public Library has been presented by Mrs. W. S. Ladd with an original set of the four-volume elephant folio edition of Audubon. It is thought this is now the only complete set on the Pacific Coast. The set was purchased somewhere in the East in 1879 by Mr. William Ladd for \$1800. Mr. W. L. Finley has examined the work and finds these volumes of the "Birds of America" to belong to the same edition as those in the Library of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, as described by Stone in *The Auk* for July, 1906.

Mr. C. B. Linton, of the Southern Division has been visiting in turn this spring the various islands along the southern California coast. He reports many new records for San Clemente and San Nicolas.

We are informed that it is now the intention of the California Academy of Sciences to locate their new building, to cost about \$250,000, in Golden Gate Park. This will be a vast improvement over their former location in the dark and grimy business section of San Francisco.

Mr. Bradford Torrey of Boston is again spending the spring in southern California watching ouzels, solitaires and condors thru his 12-power Bush binocular.

The Cooper Club, both Divisions, has voted an increase in the subscription price of THE CONDOR. This was a warranted move for several reasons. The dollar rate did not meet the cost of publication. Even at the increased

rate, \$1.50 per year, ours is yet the lowest priced of ornithological magazines. We believe that our subscribers appreciate the value received in THE CONDOR, and will continue their support, the result of which will be an extension in its size and number of illustrations. Whether or not our expectations are well founded remains to be proven. It must be remembered, however, that THE CONDOR receives considerable of its support from the dues of the Cooper Club (which includes subscription), and these remain unchanged.

## COMMUNICATIONS

### SLAUGHTER OF BLUE JAYS

Editor THE CONDOR:

A double-column display header in a Sacramento paper lately published announced, "Killing of Jays, the Destroyers of Quail Nests." This charge conjoined with the detailed reading matter, which was written with an intensity which curdled one's blood, foretold that "there will be an awful slaughter of blue jays during the early spring months." Subjoined was a subscription list wherein was donated various sums from \$1.50 to \$10, concluding with a very noble determination on the part of the individual who distinguished himself last year by killing the greatest number of jays "to strain every muscle and exercise every effort to uphold his reputation and win first prize this year."

Mr. Editor, rightly or wrongly the reading of this sent a creepy reflex thru my sympathetic, and I wondered if this slaughter was either intelligent or justifiable.

I remember as a boy in my native land the bad name the common magpie (*Pica caudata*) had as a destroyer of chickens, and a robber of nests. Indeed I even recollect seeing "sucked eggs," but never did I know of a pre-arranged slaughter, and yet the farmers of that region were careful of their own interests. But to return to the "Jays", I wrote up to the district where the campaign was being organized. I received some information which convinced me that in some cases at least, the execution was wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart. One of the subscribers honestly admits that "he had never given the matter of blue jays any personal attention, but was guided solely by the report of others." The heavy donation was from a dealer in sporting goods—a sportsman, and of course a close observer of nature! A third gentleman, who has the local reputation of being the best authority on birds said "that the jay is no good, he destroys eggs all the time," and that he "had actually seen a jay robbing a dove's nest, and flying away with the egg in his beak." The sportsman with the ambition for perennial premiership "is a farmer, an old gentleman" who had one thousand scalps to his credit for last season. One could, Mr. Editor, be a Christian and yet wish that the right hand of the "old gentleman" might at least soon lose its cunning, and not

over strain its senility to win a "jay" reputation. My informant tells that the 'sport last season produced 6,000 counted scalps; many more unrecorded. The sport is stimulated by prizes—sportsman's sundries, guns, etc., etc., paid for out of the subscribed pool.

I was told "the first prize is a \$50 gun and the farmer's boy" (who probably learns ornithology, by suggestion) is "after that gun," and "gives the jay no rest." Thus the story runs, and the moral which our friends advance is "that last season was the best for quail for a long time." I do not desire to sound one note of censure upon these determined men; but if the main object is to save quail eggs, one naturally asks what advantageth it the quail, whether he dies in embryo, or a few months later falls a "sacrifice" to his kindly protector, who had shielded him "in egg," and watched over him in infancy, so that he might "pot" him in early maturity!

I presume the species of jays which are killed are the ordinary Pacific Coast species, *Aphelocoma californica* and *Cyanocitta stelleri*, species which have been investigated by our esteemed member, Prof. F. E. L. Beal of the Biological Survey, and others, and the evidence obtained permits the conclusion, that while the blue jay is a marauder and guilty in degree, it is not so to the extent which those who know it only by "its bad name" accredit the unfortunate bird.

Prof. Beal tells us that in the stomachs of 141 California jays 35 per cent of the contents for the year consisted of animal matter and 65 per cent vegetable; traces of egg shells were found on'y in twenty-one stomachs; in another series of 300 stomachs only three contained egg shells and two, only, bones of birds."

I think it would be well within the scope of the C. O. C. if each member, and there are members in almost all parts of the State, would take the trouble of investigating scientifically the habits and foods of the blue jays as they were found in that especial district, and forwarding the results of such observations, to the secretary of the club. It is the duty of such a club as the C. O. C. to be able to state exactly the economic value or otherwise of any prominent species of bird. It does seem a questionable proceeding to slaughter in a single season over 8,000 individuals of a species, if there is no more valid reason for so doing than that the sportsman may form a nursery-preserve of some other species, whose economic value as an agricultural asset may actually be of a much lower value.

I have every confidence that when it can be shown that the blue jay, or any other black-listed species, has qualities which entitle it to an intelligent consideration, and which in equity mitigate its evil reputation, it will be found that the good sense of the sportsman, not

forgetting the apt kindness of the "farmer's boy" will find him a less ardent competitor for "the prize-gun" and still less ambitious to attain a doubtful heroism in the "awful slaughter" of a species "during the early spring months."

I submit this matter to the members of the C. O. C.—ask them to graciously aid in obtaining facts—and indeed in all cases of appeal to be an ever ready and competent court of equity in all matters pertaining to our local ornithology.

Respectfully yours,

FREDERICK W. D'EVELYN,  
President, Cooper Ornithological Club.

#### APROPOS OF EGG-COLLECTING

Editor THE CONDOR:

Some of those who read your pages have been both interested and amused at the trend of the controversies in the matter of egg-collecting. There is a broad streak of humor in the matter-of-factness with which the opponents of egg-collecting take themselves so seriously that their position would, if universally admitted, utterly obliterate every other domain of bird study than their own from the curricula of that great University in which all thoughtful men are students. But biological investigation is not all of knowledge; even as the *esthetik* which weaves its own poesy about the devious pursuits of the ultra-collector is not all of life. Those who fume and fulminate against the egg-collector would seem utterly to overlook the educative element in collecting.

To illustrate: Correspondence in which, with aims largely personal, he has been engaged during the past two years, has brought the writer into contact with a large number of bird students. Many of these have been known, at least by name, to some of us for many years. As we remember them twenty years ago, they were just egg-collectors—nothing else. Today they are students of bird life. No more exact investigators than a few of them are to be found in all the ranks of the American Ornithologists' Union. If, then, the acquiring of scientific data be a *summum bonum*, surely the early and erratic and impulsive career of every one of these "bird-men" has been richly worth the while.

A generation ago there was many a boy who spent the bulk of his spare time in turning somersaults or in standing on his head. Thus he learned the ins and the outs of the wrong-side-ups and the right-side-downs of things. And today, with the putting away of childish things, these same amusing acrobats are building rail-roads, digging canals and tunnels—are strenuously "getting after" the sundry *octopi* that have so wondrously thriven of late in the troubled seas of American commerce.

If, then, the faddists who teach "nature-

studied-to-death" for reward, and the grafters who oppose legitimate collecting, from behind the fortresses of Fish-and-Game Commissions, for gain, will broaden their horizon and open up the chambers of their souls just a little, to let in a mite of that broad generous air in which the sense of humor and of poesy bring to myriad souls exhilaration, rest and peace, this weary old world may possibly become a more comfortable and healthful place to live in. For "the life is more than meat". The soul is peer of the mind. And Man is more than the Polyp or the Monad. If we may, let us have peace: if not, let us at least war on mutual terms, and on neutral ground.

(REV.) P. B. PEABODY.

#### MINUTES OF COOPER CLUB MEETINGS

##### NORTHERN DIVISION

JANUARY.—The Club met at the home of Mr. Joseph Mailliard, 1815 Vallejo Street, San Francisco, California, on January 19, 1907. President Mailliard occupied the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Louis P. Bolander, 432 Fair Oaks Street, San Francisco, Cal., was proposed for membership by H. T. Clifton. The following were elected active members: Prof. O. P. Jenkins, Stanford University, Cal.; Miss Flora A. Randolph, 1706 Walnut Street, Berkeley, Cal.; John W. Martin, 339 N. 1st Street, San Jose, Cal. The resignations of Mrs. H. H. Bailey, and Mr. George S. Towne were formally accepted.

A communication from Mr. H. T. Clifton, treasurer of the Club, recommending that certain members be suspended for non-payment of dues, was read and discussed. It was the opinion of those present that members failing to pay dues after sufficient notification, should be dropped, as they are a constant expense to the organization. Therefore the secretary was instructed to notify these members once more. If no response is received action shall be taken against them at the next meeting.

The election of officers for 1907 was then proceeded to, with the following results: President, Dr. F. W. D'Evelyn; Senior V. P., Miss Bertha L. Chapman; Junior V. P., Rollo H. Beck; Treasurer, H. T. Clifton; Secretary, H. O. Jenkins.

Following this, Mr. Mailliard resigned his position to Dr. D'Evelyn and a vote of thanks was unanimously given Mr. Mailliard for his past services to the Club. Dr. D'Evelyn took the chair and appointed as editors of THE CONDOR for the ensuing year: Joseph Grinnell, Editor-in-Chief; Joseph Mailliard and Wm. L. Finley, Associate Editors.

H. O. JENKINS, *Secretary*.

##### SOUTHERN DIVISION

JANUARY.—The Regular monthly meeting of the Southern Division of the Cooper Ornithological Club was called to order by Vice-President Judson in the Faculty Room of Throop Polytechnic Institute, January 31, 1907, with members Morcom, Grinnell, Clifton, Dixon, Cosper, Alphonse and Antonin Jay, and Law present, and, as visitors, Howard-Wright and Adriaan Van Rossem.

The minutes of the last meeting, December 29, 1906, were read and approved. Applications for active membership were presented as follows: A. O. Treganza, Salt Lake City, Utah, proposed by C. S. Sharp; Howard Wright, Pasadena, Cal., proposed by J. Grinnell. On motion by Mr. Clifton, seconded by Mr. Jay, and duly carried, the secretary was instructed to cast the unanimous ballot of those present electing Austin Paul Smith of La Jolla, Cal., to active membership. This formality was complied with by the secretary. On motion by Mr. Morcom, seconded by Mr. Grinnell, and duly carried, the secretary was instructed to cast for the Southern Division, the unanimous ballot of those present electing to active membership, subject to the approval of the Club-at-Large, John F. Ferry, Chicago, Ill. The proposal of Jesse C. A. Mecker was held over for lack of formal application.

A letter from Messrs. Grinnell and Clifton, Editor and Business Manager, respectively, of THE CONDOR, was read, setting out at length reasons why the subscription-price of THE CONDOR is at present too little. Among them the following were the most potent: 1. \$1.00 is below actual cost. 2. Comparatively, at \$1.50, THE CONDOR is still the cheapest bird magazine published.

On motion, duly made and carried, the subscription to THE CONDOR for non-members of the Club, was raised to \$1.50 a year, subject to the approval of the Club-at-Large.

The Club then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year. On motion by Mr. Dixon, and duly seconded and carried, Mr. Judson was instructed to cast the unanimous ballot of those present, electing those nominated at the December meeting. This formality was complied with, and the officers for 1907 are: President, G. Frean Morcom; Vice-President, G. Willett; Secretary, J. Eugene Law; Treasurer, W. Lee Chambers.

A letter from Mr. P. A. Taverner, Highland Park, Mich., was read, enlarging on the CONDOR editorial some months since in regard to uniformity in common names for birds. Some exceptions were taken to our Editor's views, but in general Mr. Taverner accords heartily with this suggestion. Adjourned.

J. EUGENE LAW, *Secretary*.

